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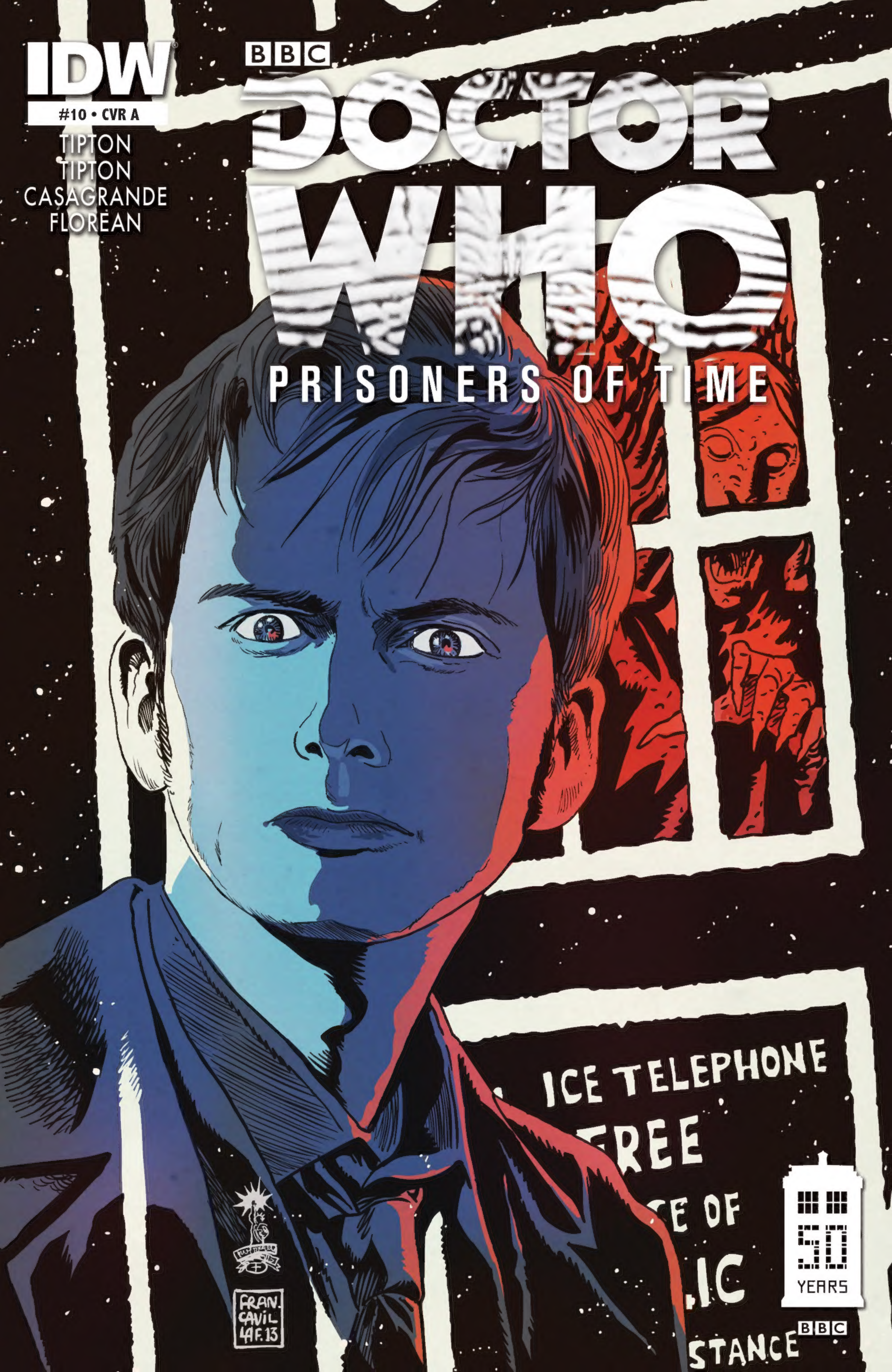
DOCTOR WHO

PRISONERS OF TIME



50 YEARS

BBC

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TIPTON
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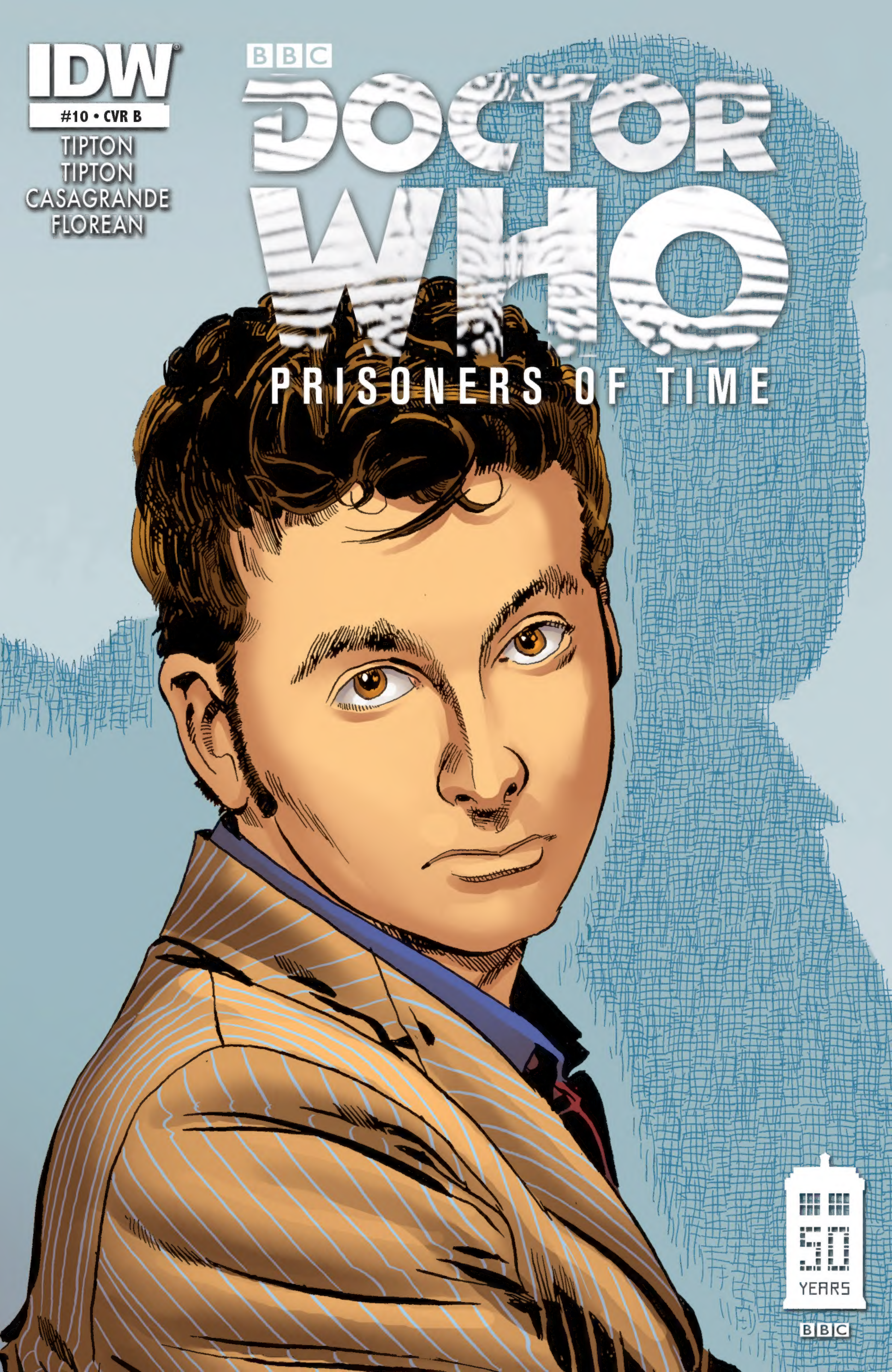
DOCTOR WHO

PRISONERS OF TIME



BBC

BBC

DOCTOR WHO

PRISONERS OF TIME

10TH DOCTOR
2005 - 2010

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords of the planet Gallifrey. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed with an incredible intelligence. He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.

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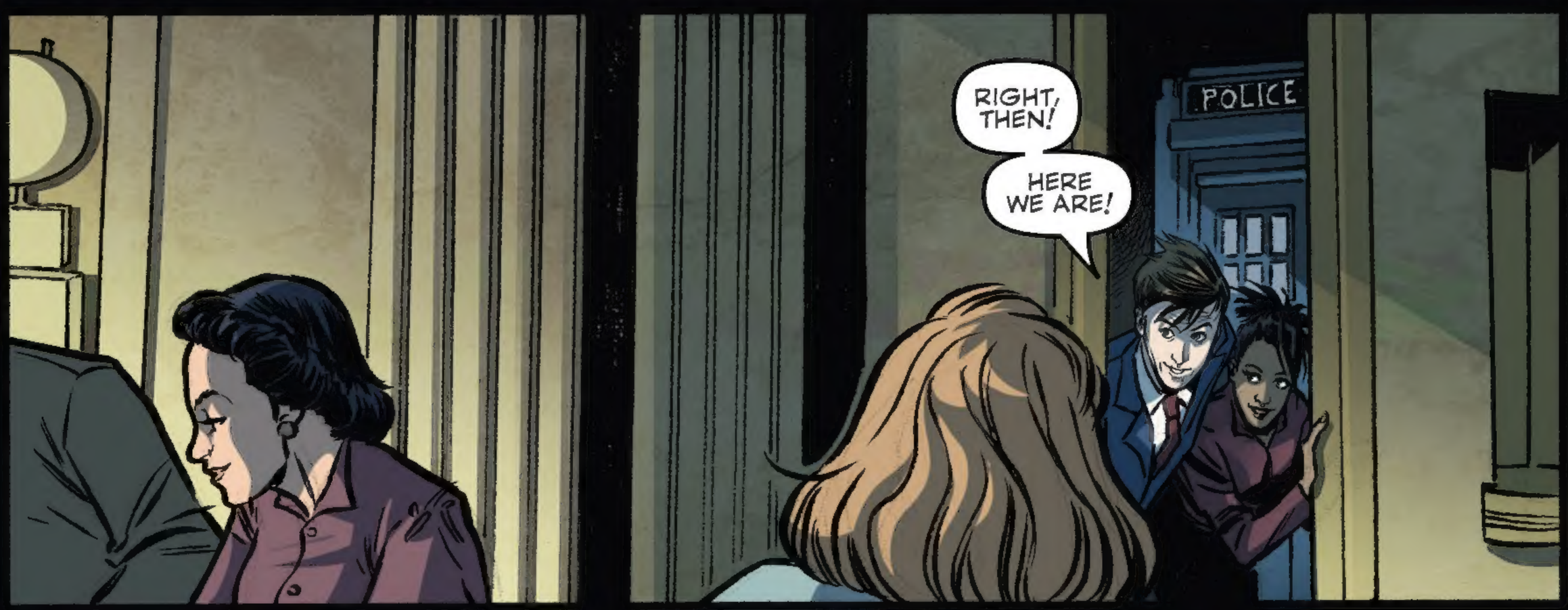
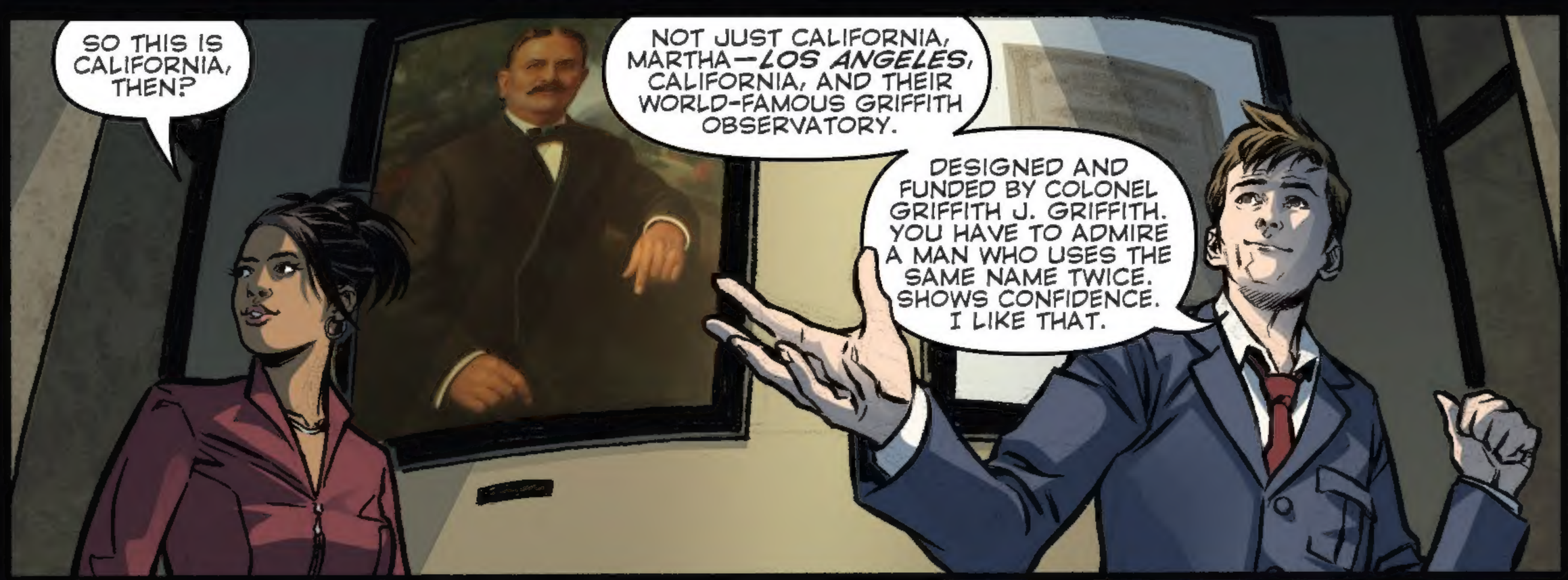
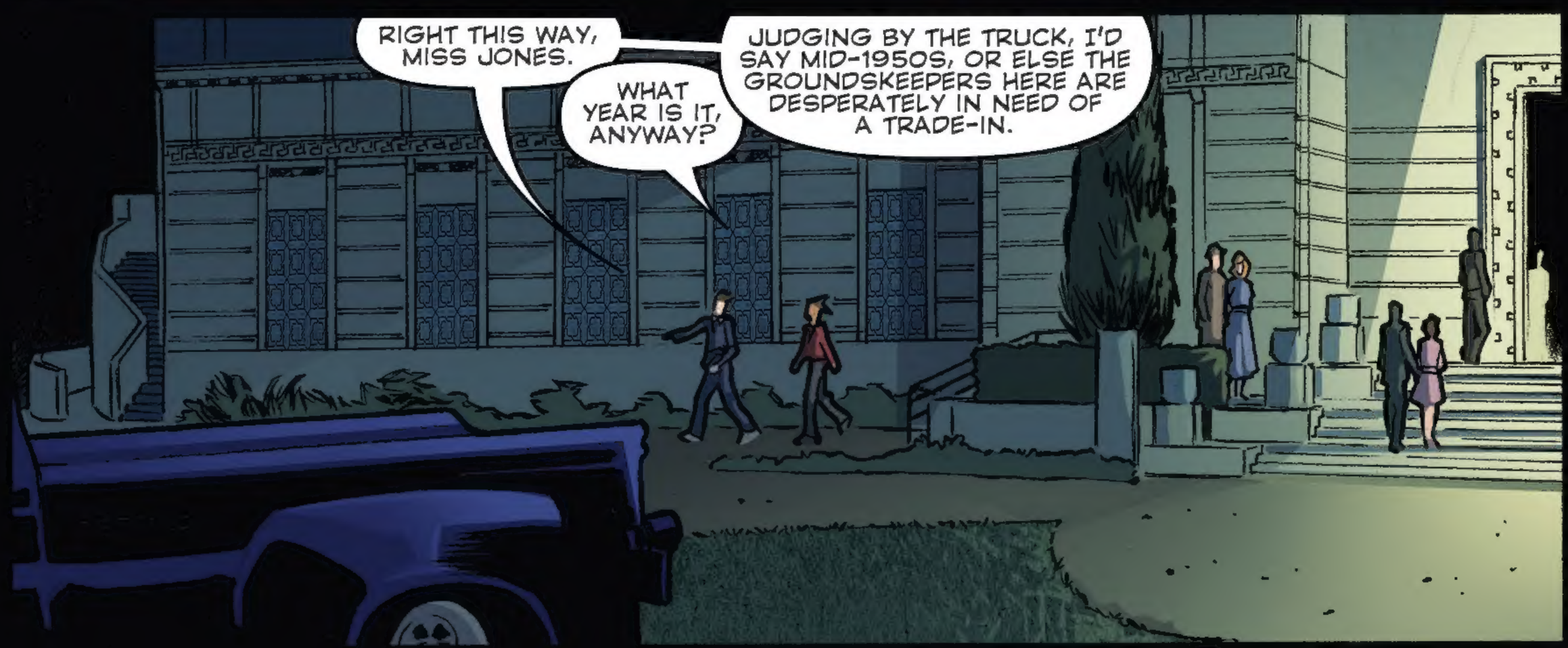
THE OBSERVATORY'S GRAND HALL WILL BE CLOSING IN 15 MINUTES.
AGAIN, THE OBSERVATORY'S GRAND HALL WILL BE CLOSING IN 15 MINUTES.


RIGHT, THEN!
HERE WE ARE!
POLICE


SO THIS IS CALIFORNIA, THEN?
NOT JUST CALIFORNIA, MARTHA—*LOS ANGELES*, CALIFORNIA, AND THEIR WORLD-FAMOUS GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY.
DESIGNED AND FUNDED BY COLONEL GRIFFITH J. GRIFFITH. YOU HAVE TO ADMIRE A MAN WHO USES THE SAME NAME TWICE. SHOWS CONFIDENCE. I LIKE THAT.


RIGHT THIS WAY, MISS JONES.
WHAT YEAR IS IT, ANYWAY?
JUDGING BY THE TRUCK, I'D SAY MID-1950S, OR ELSE THE GROUNDSKEEPERS HERE ARE DESPERATELY IN NEED OF A TRADE-IN.

A LITTLE HELP WITH THE DOOR, AND...
BZZZZZZ
KLAK

...ALLONS-Y!

I'M SORRY, NO ACCESS UP HERE.
DON'T MIND US— JUST HERE TO DO A LITTLE FINE-TUNING ON YOUR LITTLE BEAUTY HERE.
WE'RE CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC TONIGHT BECAUSE OF ALL THE HUB-BUB DOWN ON THE LAWN.
DR. JOHN SMITH, OPTO-MECHANICAL TECHNICIAN FOR THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE, LONDON.
THIS IS MY ASSISTANT, MISS JONES.
HOW DO YOU DO?

OKIE DOKE. HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU'LL NEED, DR. SMITH?
OH, NOT MORE THAN 45 MINUTES, I'D IMAGINE.
I'LL CLEAR OUT OF YOUR WAY, THEN. I'LL BE JUST OUTSIDE IF YOU NEED ME.
SPLENDID!

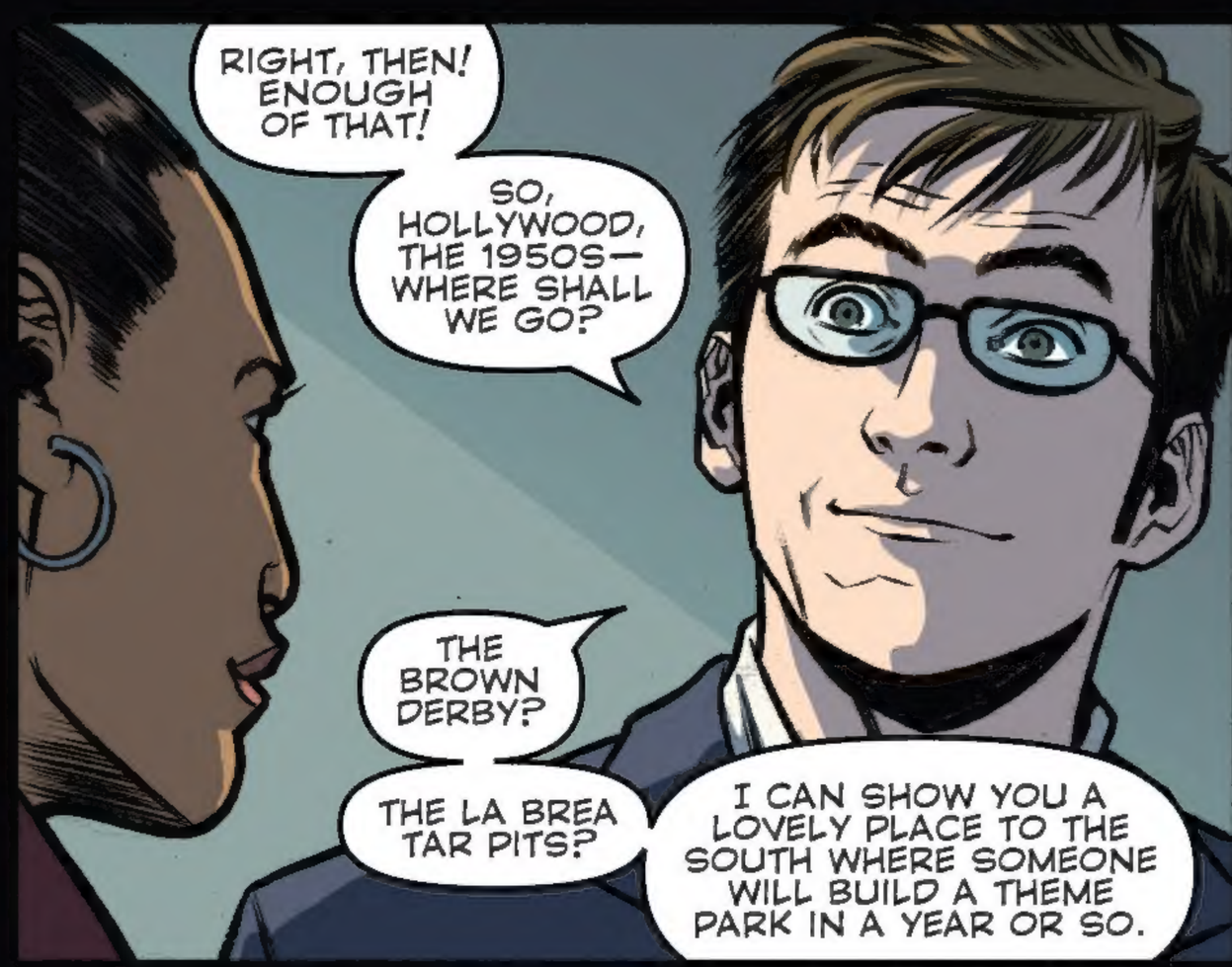
I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY 'HUBBUB' DOWNSTAIRS?
NEVER MIND THAT, NOW— WE'RE ON THE CLOCK!

WE JUST NEED TO CHARGE THIS UP A BIT, AND THEN WE SHOULD HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.
BZZZZZZZZZZ

IT SHOULD BE ALL FOCUSED NOW.
GO AHEAD, TAKE A LOOK.

'DOCTOR, IS IT—'
'YES. GALLIFREY. THE SHINING WORLD OF THE SEVEN SYSTEMS. AS IT LOOKED BEFORE THE TIME WAR. THIS RESIDUAL IMAGE WAS THE LAST TO ESCAPE BEFORE... BEFORE THE END. LIKE LIGHT FROM A LONG-DEAD STAR'.

DOCTOR, IT'S BEAUTIFUL. COME HERE, LOOK!
NO, THANK YOU, MARTHA.
I'VE... I'VE SEEN IT ALREADY.
DOCTOR... THANK YOU FOR SHOWING ME THIS. WHAT YOU'VE LOST. I KNOW IT MUST HAVE BEEN DIFFICULT.
WELLLL... WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? YOU ASKED ME.


RIGHT, THEN! ENOUGH OF THAT!
SO, HOLLYWOOD, THE 1950S— WHERE SHALL WE GO?
THE BROWN DERBY?
THE LA BREA TAR PITS?
I CAN SHOW YOU A LOVELY PLACE TO THE SOUTH WHERE SOMEONE WILL BUILD A THEME PARK IN A YEAR OR SO.

WHEEEEET
BZZZZ
WHAT IS ALL THAT RACKET, ANYWAY?
THAT MUST BE WHAT THE SECURITY GUARD WAS TALKIN' ABOUT!

WELL, LOOK AT THAT!
IT'S A FILM SHOOT!

CARE FOR A BIT OF OLD HOLLYWOOD, MISS JONES?
AFTER YOU, 'DR. SMITH'.

I HAVEN'T BEEN ON A MOVIE SET SINCE I TOLD GEORGES MELIES WHAT THE MOON WAS LIKE...
NAME-DROPPER!

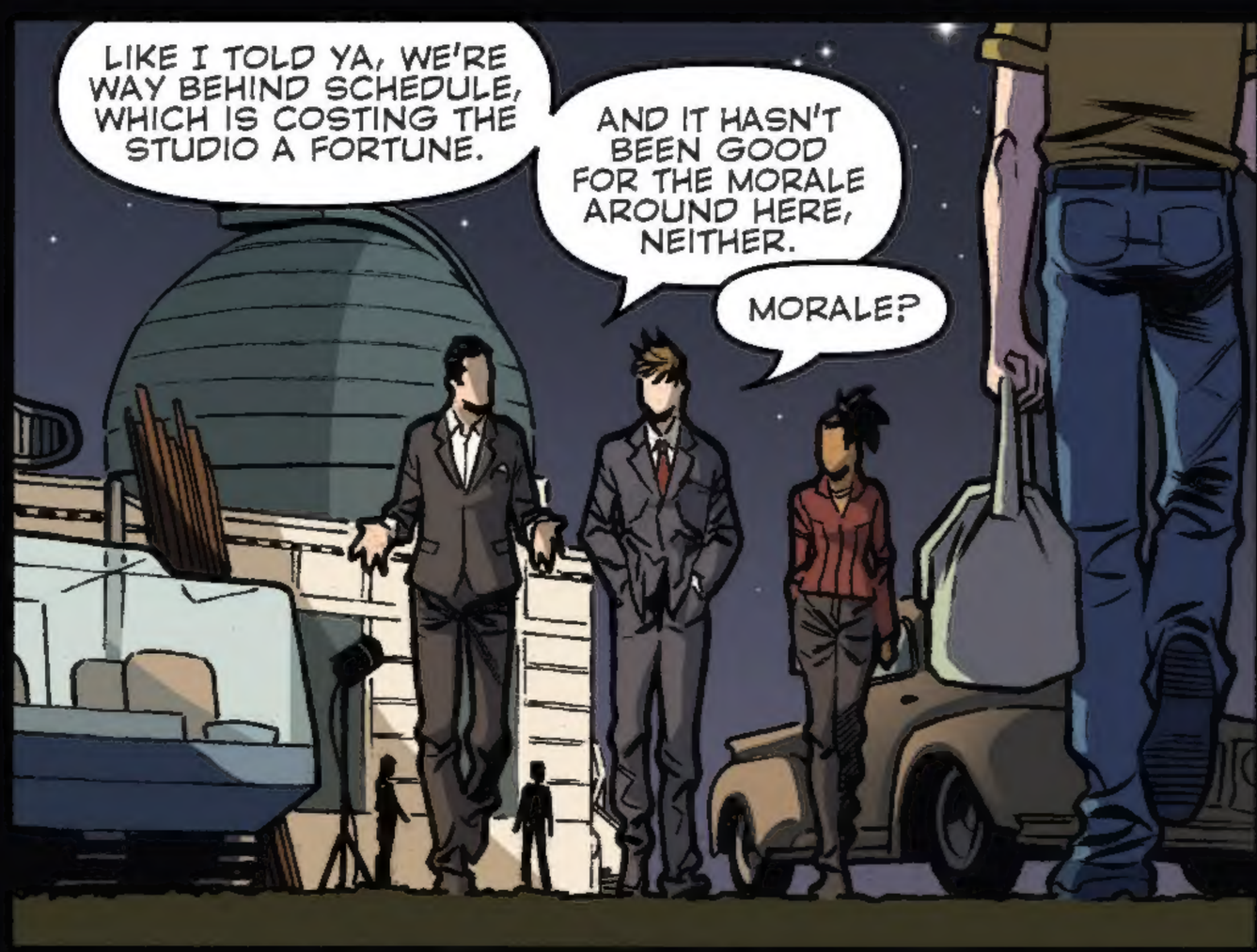
HELLO THERE!
THE STUDIO SENT US OVER TO SEE HOW THINGS ARE COMING!

I'VE GOT NO TIME FOR MORE INTERFERENCE RIGHT NOW!
I'M BUSY TRYING TO GET A PICTURE MADE! OUT OF MY WAY!

WELL! THAT WAS RUDE!
THE PRODUCER GAVE YOU THE BUM'S RUSH, DID HE?
I'M NOT SURPRISED. THIS PICTURE'S ALREADY FOUR DAYS BEHIND SCHEDULE, AND THE PRESSURE IS STARTING TO GET TO HIM.
DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY.

I'M DEKE WILLIAMS, STUNT MASTER ON THIS PICTURE.
I'M THE DOCTOR, AND THIS IS MARTHA JONES.
HI!

DOCTOR? LIKE A SCRIPT DOCTOR?
THE SCRIPT'S NOT WHERE WE'RE HAVING THE TROUBLE.
OH?
WHAT IS THE TROUBLE, THEN?

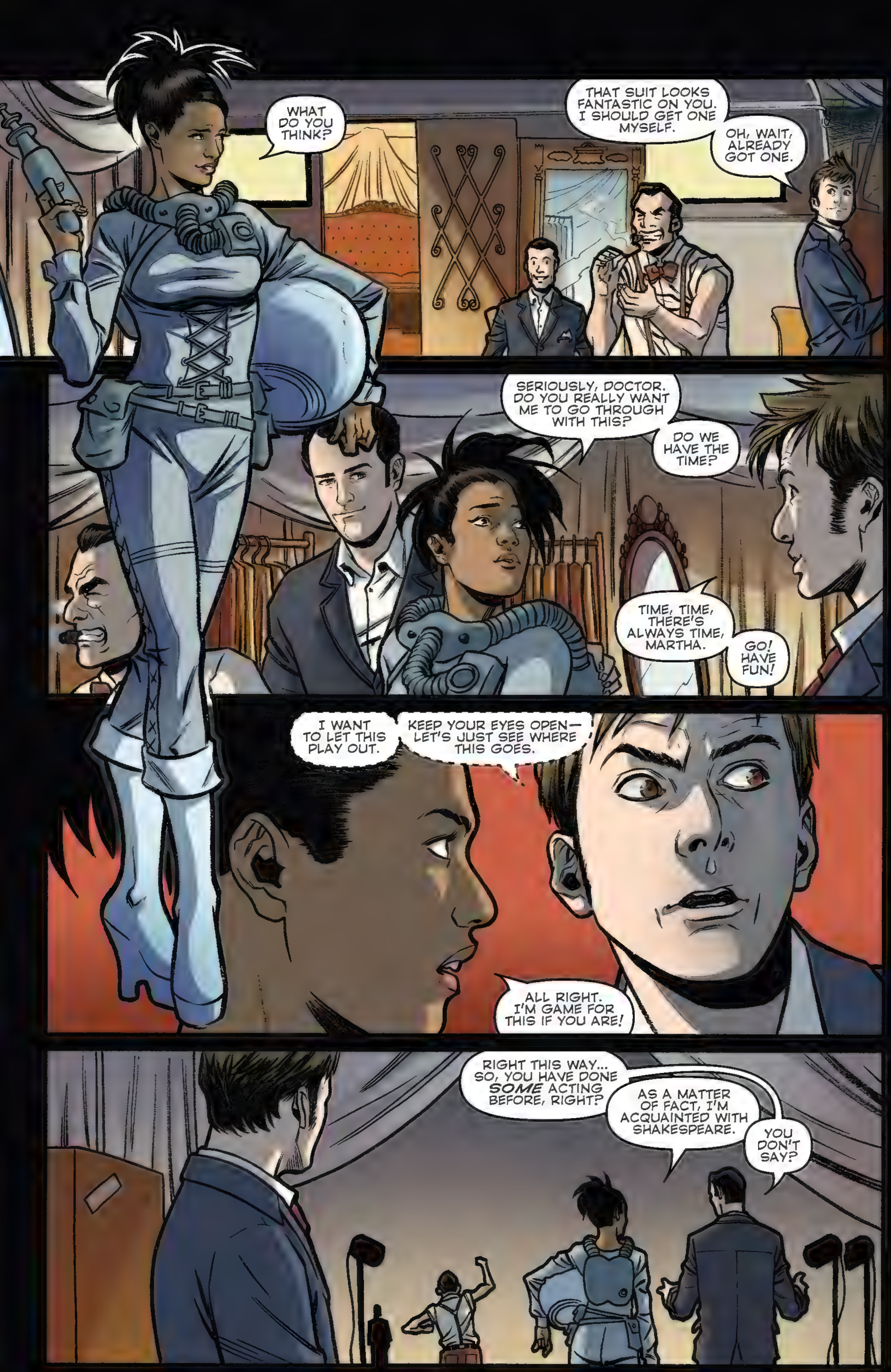

LIKE I TOLD YA, WE'RE WAY BEHIND SCHEDULE, WHICH IS COSTING THE STUDIO A FORTUNE.
AND IT HASN'T BEEN GOOD FOR THE MORALE AROUND HERE, NEITHER.
MORALE?

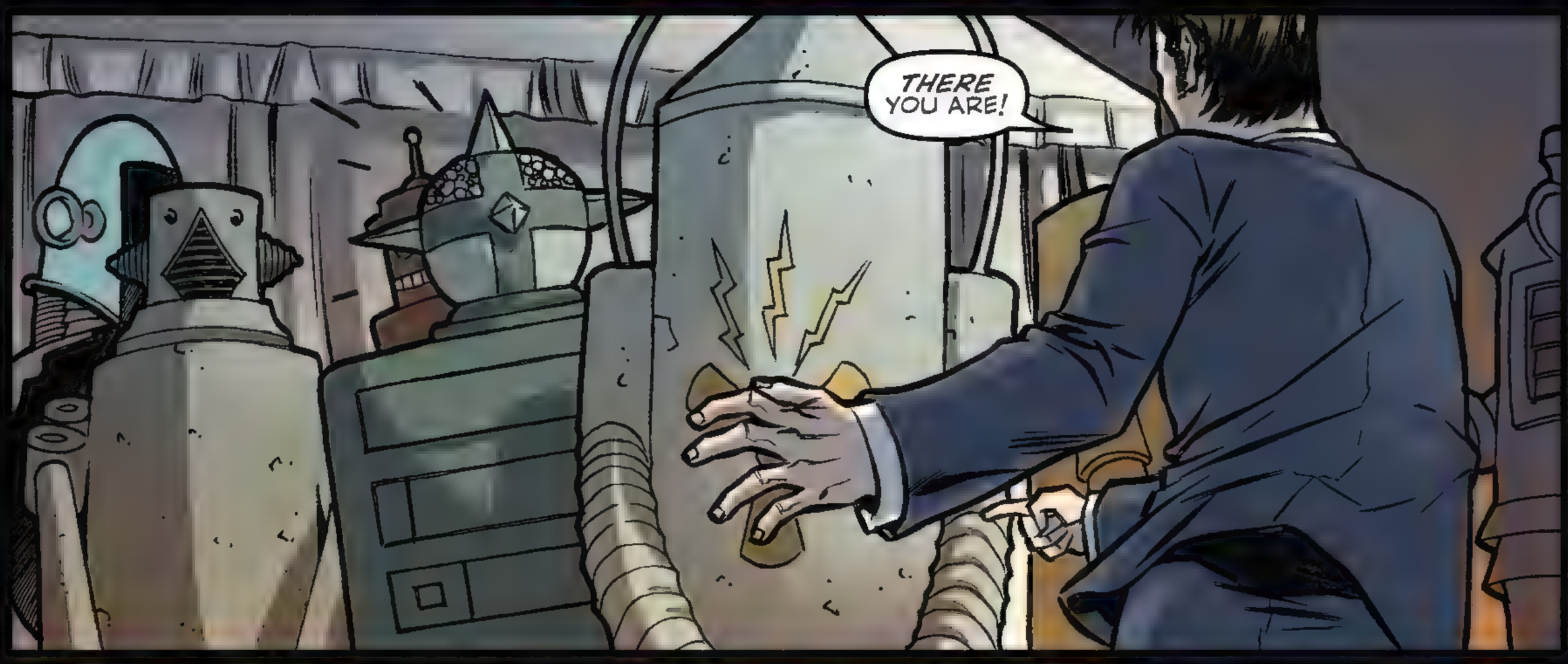
FOLKS ARE STARTING TO WORRY ABOUT THE GIG GETTING SHUT DOWN.
I GUESS THAT'S THE PROBLEM— WE'RE HAVING A SERIOUS PROBLEM KEEPING OUR CREW.
YOU MEAN THEY'RE QUITTING?

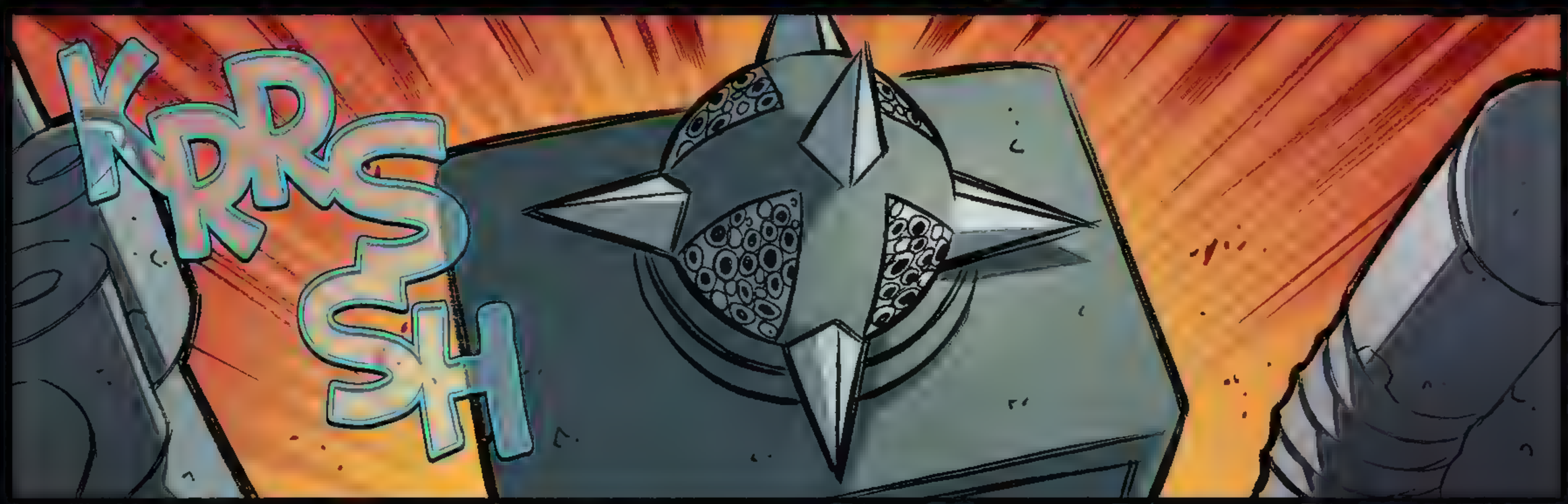
I GUESS SO. THEY SURE AIN'T SHOWING UP. NOT GIVING NOTICE, EITHER.
I TELL YOU, IT'S A HEAD-SCRATCHER.
NOBODY GIVES UP A PAYING JOB IN THIS BUSINESS.
OH, REALLY...

WILLIAMS! I'M NOT PAYING YOU TO SIT ON YOUR DUFF ALL DAY!
GET THAT NEXT SHOT PREPPED AND READY TO GO!
DON'T LOOK AT ME, BOSSMAN.
UNTIL BIANCA SHOWS UP, I CAN'T EXACTLY TEACH HER HOW TO FALL OFF OF THIS SPACE BUGGY, CAN I?

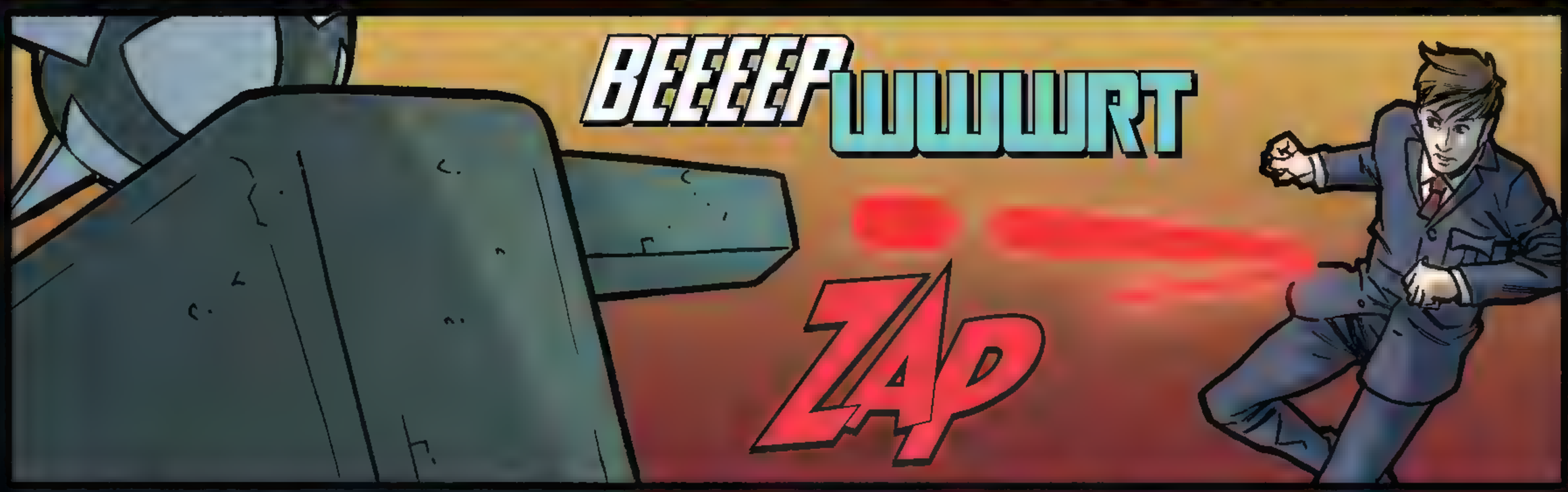
WAIT.
STOP.
HOLD EVERYTHING.
MY NEW STAR! WHO NEEDS BIANCA?
NOW, HOLD UP THERE, BOSS.
YOU REALLY THINK WE SHOULD RECAST THIS LATE IN THE GAME?
BESIDES, NOT TO BE INDELICATE, BUT SHE CERTAINLY DOESN'T LOOK LIKE BIANCA, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
WILL AUDIENCES BE WILLING TO ACCEPT...?
NONSENSE! LOOK AT HER, SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!
BESIDES, WE CAN'T AFFORD ANY MORE DELAYS.
HAVE YOU EVER ACTED BEFORE, DARLIN'?
NO, NEVER!
YOU'LL BE EXACTLY WHAT CRITICS ARE LOOKING FOR, AN UNPRETENTIOUS OUTSIDER! I'LL MAKE THEM SEE IT!
LET'S GET YOU TO WARDROBE.
COME ON, DEKE, GET MOVING!
UM, DOCTOR?
YOU'LL BE FINE.

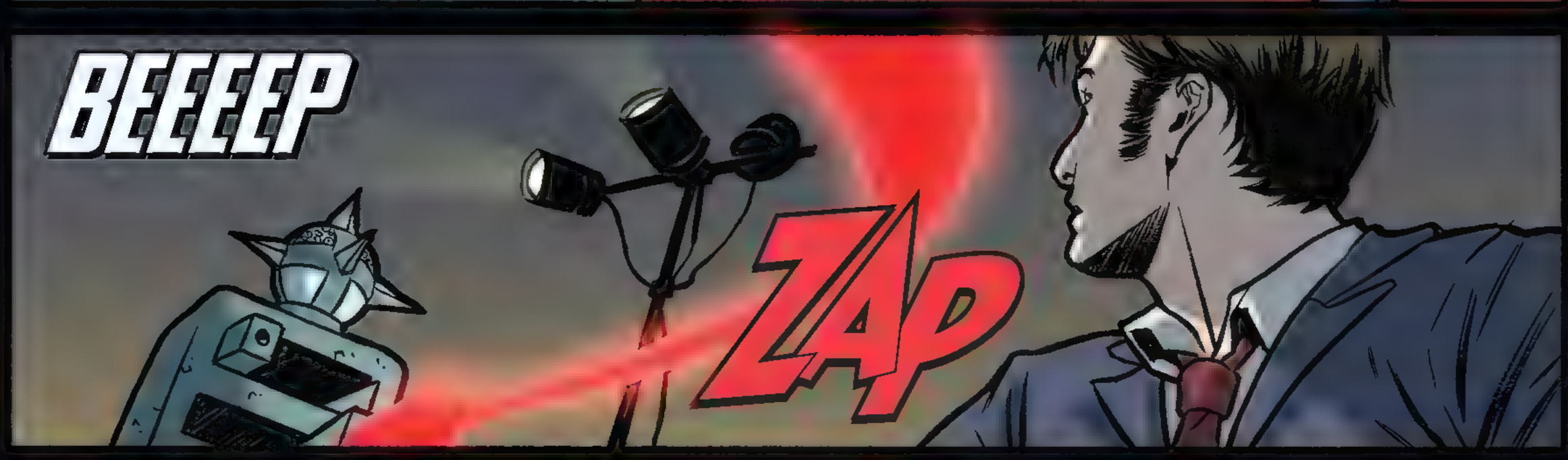

WHAT DO YOU THINK?
THAT SUIT LOOKS FANTASTIC ON YOU. I SHOULD GET ONE MYSELF.
OH, WAIT, ALREADY GOT ONE.
SERIOUSLY, DOCTOR. DO YOU REALLY WANT ME TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS?
DO WE HAVE THE TIME?
TIME, TIME, THERE'S ALWAYS TIME, MARTHA.
GO! HAVE FUN!
I WANT TO LET THIS PLAY OUT.
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN— LET'S JUST SEE WHERE THIS GOES.
ALL RIGHT. I'M GAME FOR THIS IF YOU ARE!
RIGHT THIS WAY... SO, YOU HAVE DONE SOME ACTING BEFORE, RIGHT?
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M ACQUAINTED WITH SHAKESPEARE.
YOU DON'T SAY?


THERE YOU ARE!


KRRSSH

COME ON OUT, MY SPIKY-HEADED FRIEND!
I SAW YOU THAT TIME!


BEEEEP
WWWRT
ZAP


BEEEEP
ZAP

YOU LOT NEVER WERE MUCH FOR RUNNING, NOT WITH THOSE LEGS!
BZZZZZZZZ

CRAAC

LIMESTONE?
WHERE EXACTLY HAVE YOU BEEN, LITTLE ROBOT?

WHAT'S THIS?
FOOTPRINTS, AND A TRAIL TO TRACK!
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN SNEAKING OFF TO?

PRETTY TREACHEROUS TRAIL FOR YOU SQUARE-FOOTED RASCALS...

HELLO? ANYONE HOME?

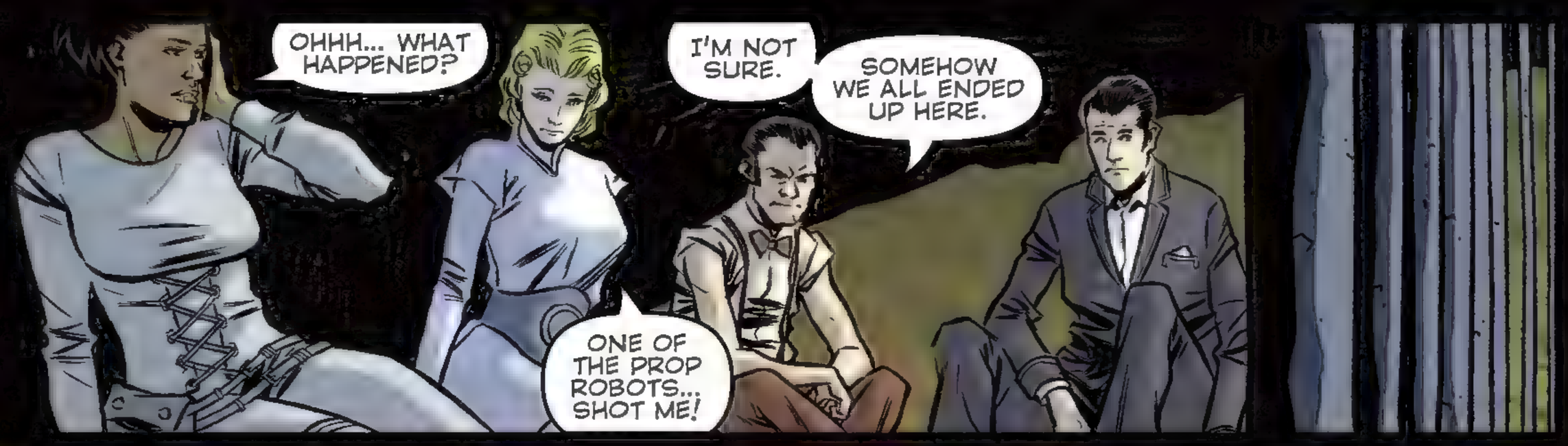
WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
OH NO.

SEEMS LIKE THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF WAITING AROUND IN MOVIES.
LOOK AT YOU!
IN THE BIZ FOR AN HOUR AND A HALF, AND YOU'RE ALREADY AN OLD PRO!

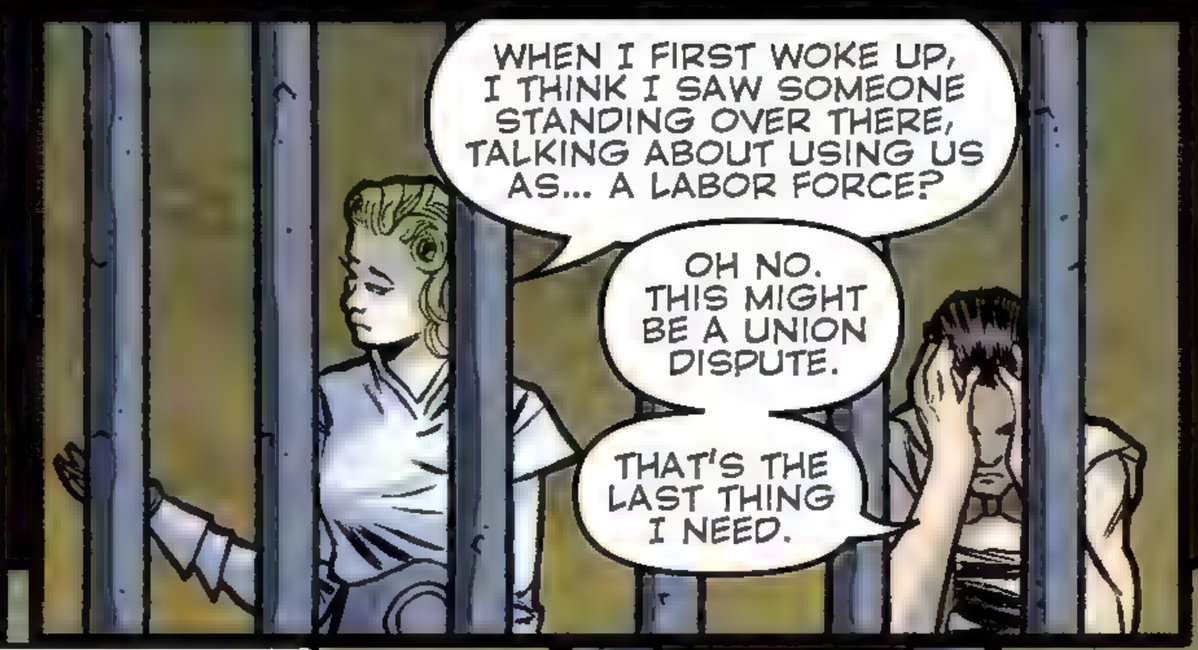
IT'LL TAKE THEM ABOUT HALF AN HOUR TO SET THE LIGHTS FOR THE NEXT SHOT.
I'LL COME GET YOU WHEN THEY'RE READY FOR YOU.
ALL RIGHT THEN. I'LL BE HERE...

KNOCK KNOCK
IT'S OPEN! COME IN!
KNOCK KNOCK
I SAID, COME IN!

BEEEEP
ZAP

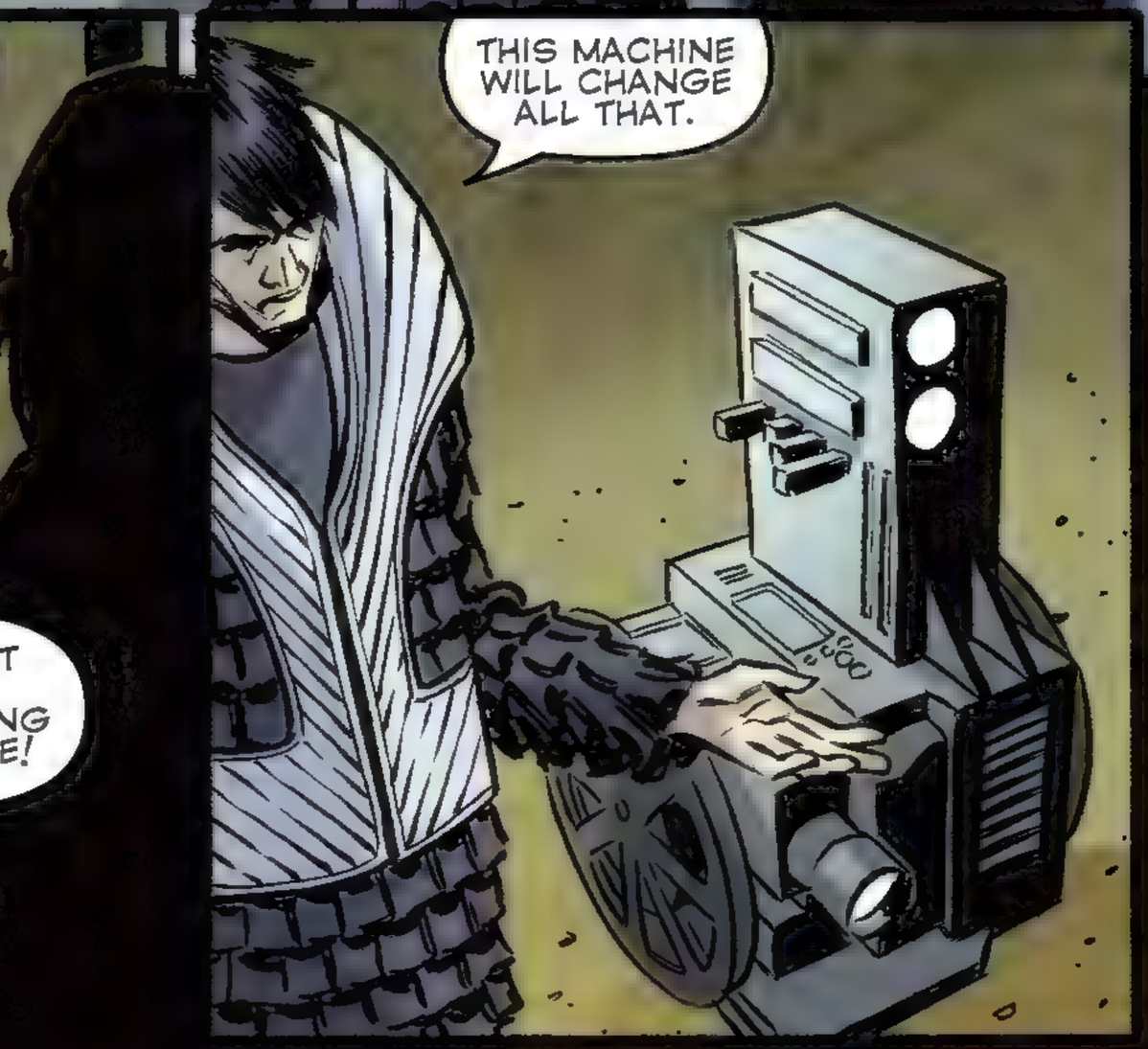

OHHH... WHAT HAPPENED?
ONE OF THE PROP ROBOTS... SHOT ME!
I'M NOT SURE.
SOMEHOW WE ALL ENDED UP HERE.

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, ALL RIGHT.
I WAS CHECKING ONE OF THE ROBOTS WHEN THE BLASTED THING'S ARM SWUNG OUT AND ZAPPED ME!

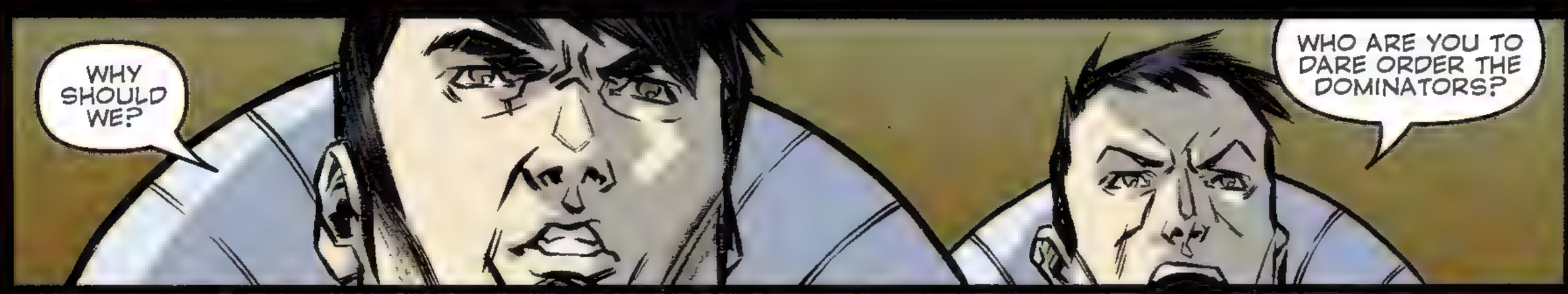

WHEN I FIRST WOKE UP, I THINK I SAW SOMEONE STANDING OVER THERE, TALKING ABOUT USING US AS... A LABOR FORCE?
OH NO. THIS MIGHT BE A UNION DISPUTE.
THAT'S THE LAST THING I NEED.

SILENCE!
YOUR GROUP HAS BEEN IMPRISONED HERE BECAUSE YOU STUMBLED ONTO THE PRESENCE OF OUR QUARKS EARLIER THAN WE ANTICIPATED.
IT IS TRUE THAT WE INTEND TO MINE YOUR PLANET OF ITS NATURAL RESOURCES, USING HUMANS AS SLAVE LABOR.

SOME OF YOUR CREW HAVE ALREADY BECOME SLAVES IN THIS VERY INSTALLATION.
SO THAT'S WHY SOME PEOPLE HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING!
WE THOUGHT THEY JUST HATED WORKING ON THE MOVIE!
OUR TESTS ON THEM, HOWEVER, HAVE CONFIRMED WHAT WE EXPECTED: HUMANS ARE TOO STUPID AND TOO REBELLIOUS TO BE EFFICIENT WORKERS.


THIS MACHINE WILL CHANGE ALL THAT.

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO BE?
ONCE YOUR RIDICULOUS 'MOVIE' IS FINISHED, WE WILL RUN IT THROUGH THIS DEVICE TO CONVERT IT INTO A SUBLIMINAL MASTERPIECE.
ONCE PROCESSED, YOUR MOVIE WILL EMIT A POWERFUL SWAY OVER HUMAN AUDIENCES.
NOT ONLY WILL VIEWERS CONVINCE OTHERS TO WATCH IT...
'...BUT THE SUBLIMINAL MESSAGES DEEPLY EMBEDDED IN THE FILM WILL ALSO ENLARGE THE HUMAN BRAIN FOR SPECIFIC TASKS WE REQUIRE, AS WELL AS DULL THE HUMAN WILL TO RESIST.
'THIS MOVIE WILL ALLOW US TO TURN HUMAN BEINGS INTO A PERFECT RACE OF SLAVES, EAGER TO HELP US EXPLOIT EVERY LAST BIT OF THE RESOURCES OF PLANET EARTH'.
EFFICIENT AND MINDLESS HUMAN SLAVES WILL ALLOW US TO PRESERVE OUR CORE ENERGY FOR OUR QUARKS AND OUR INCOMING FLEET.
ONCE THIS MOVIE IS RELEASED, THIS NATION WILL FALL UNDER OUR SPELL, AND THEN THIS ENTIRE WORLD.
NOT SO FAST!
YOU HAVE ONE CHANCE. I'M WARNING YOU.
LEAVE NOW.


WHY SHOULD WE?
WHO ARE YOU TO DARE ORDER THE DOMINATORS?

WHO AM I?
I'M THE MAN WHO KEEPS THIS PLANET SAFE FROM FOOLS LIKE YOU WHO ONLY WANT TO STEAL EVERYTHING THAT MAKES IT SPECIAL, TIME AND TIME AGAIN.
WE'VE MET BEFORE, YOUR PEOPLE AND I.
IT DIDN'T TURN OUT WELL FOR YOU BEFORE, AND I WAS A DIFFERENT MAN THEN.

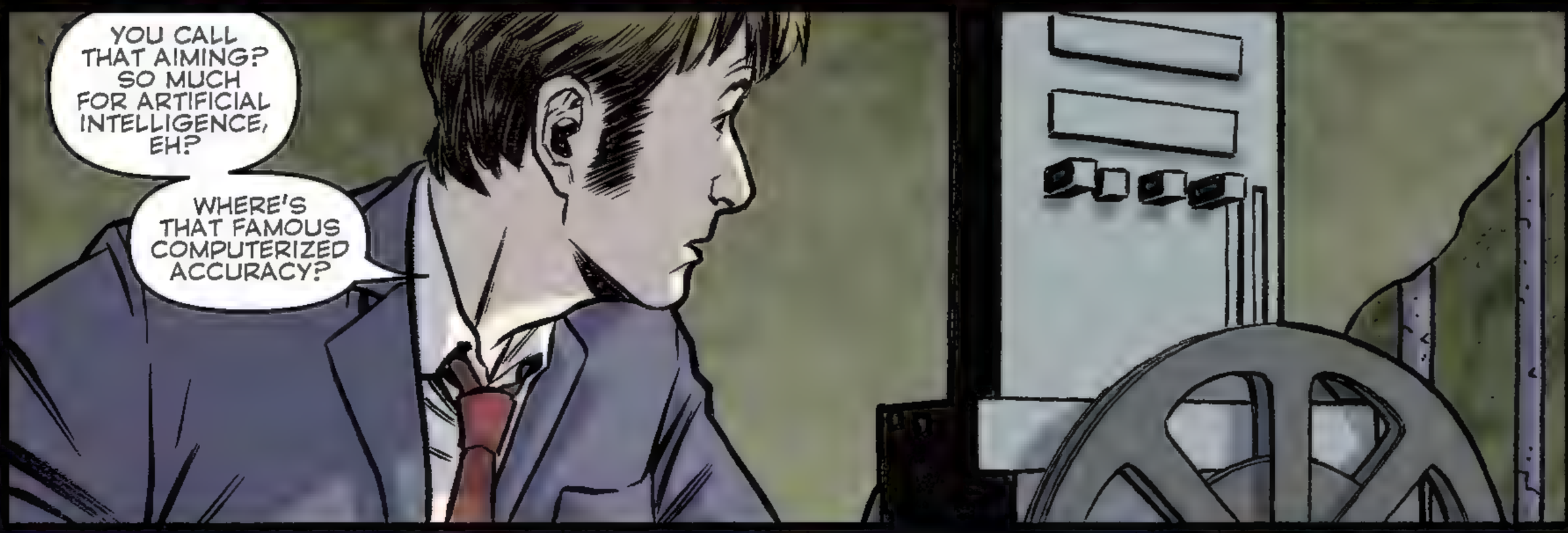
I'M THE DOCTOR.

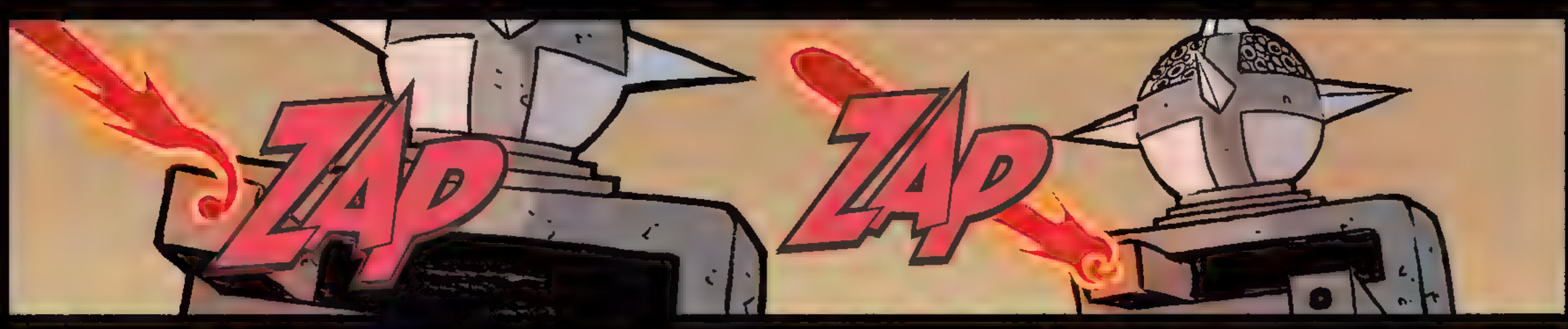
NO! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!
THAT IS NOT EVEN A REAL WEAPON!
IT IS MERELY A PROP FROM THESE FOOLS' RIDICULOUS MOVIE!
HE IS BLUFFING! DESTROY HIM!

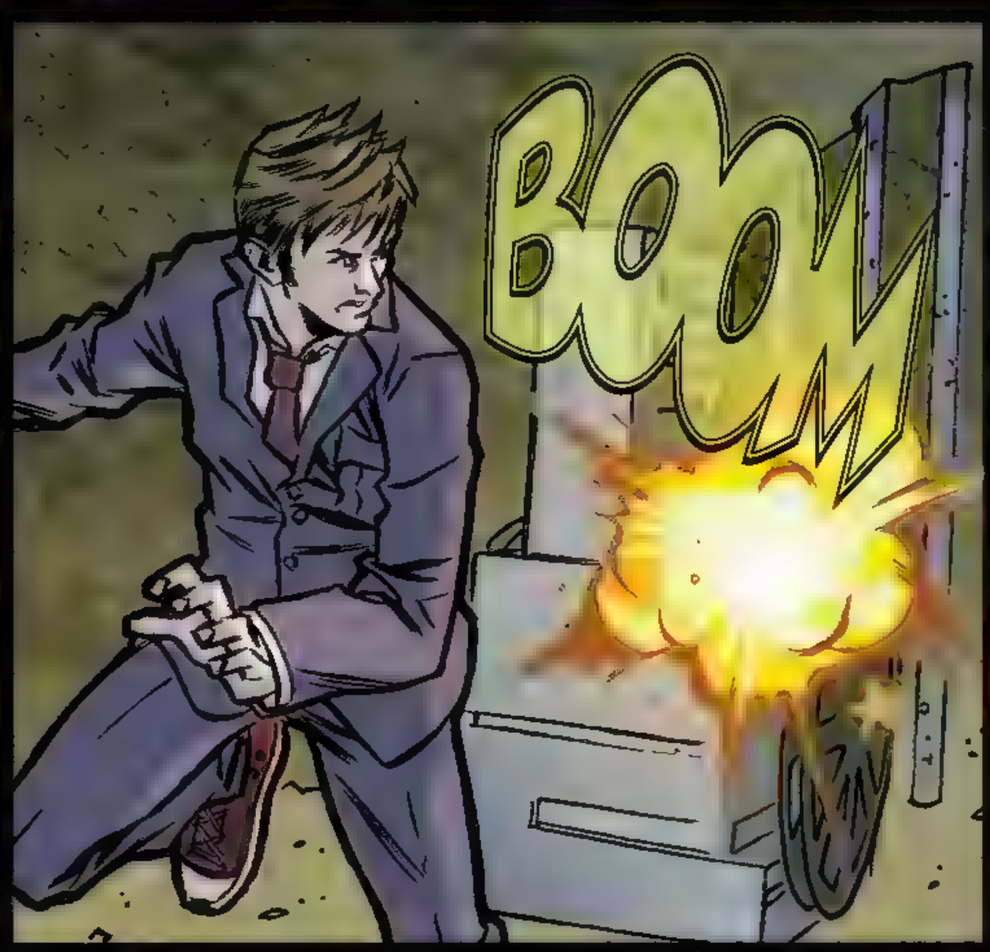
WELL, IT WAS WORTH A TRY, ANYWAY...

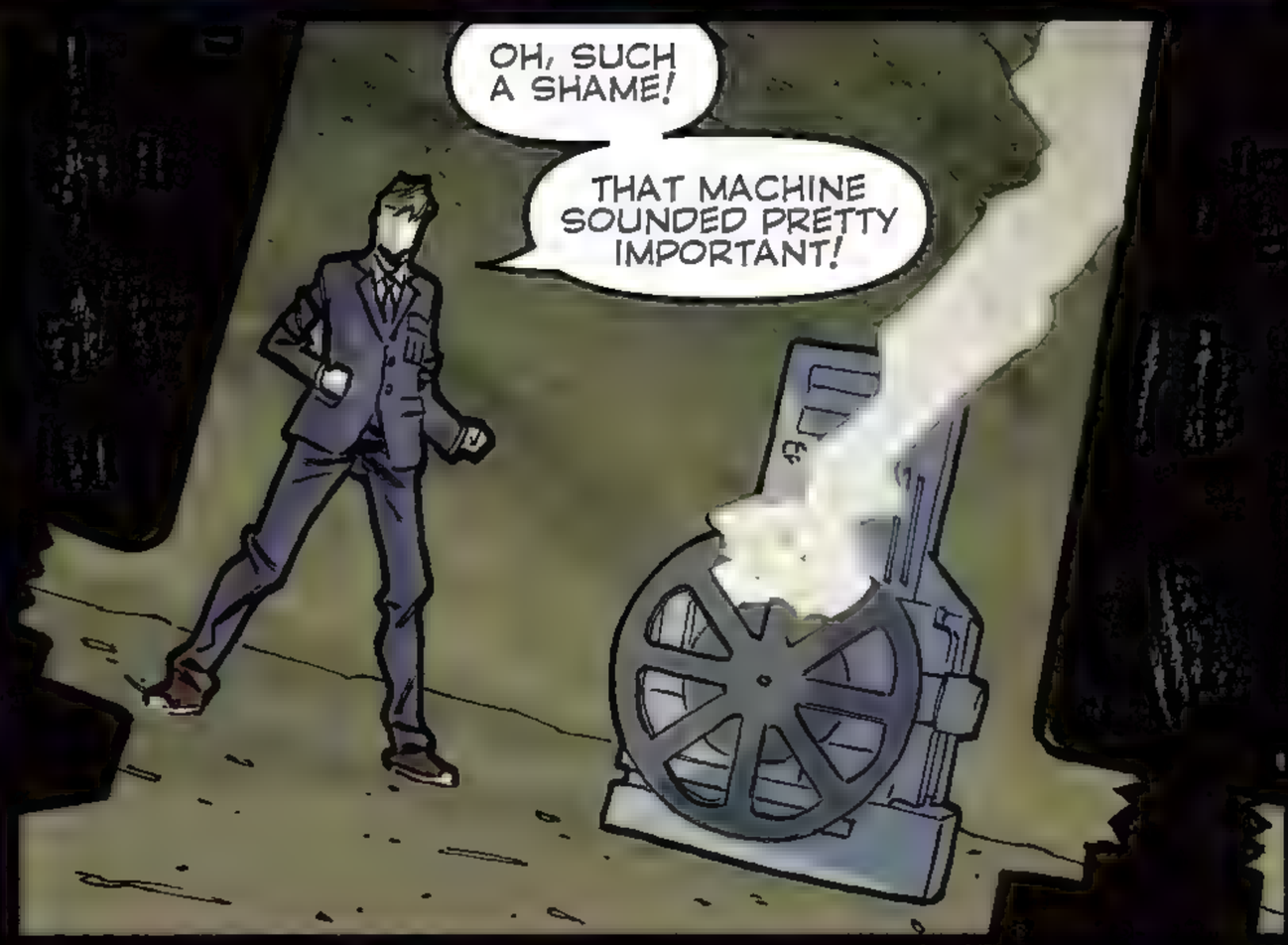
QUARKS! OPEN FIRE!

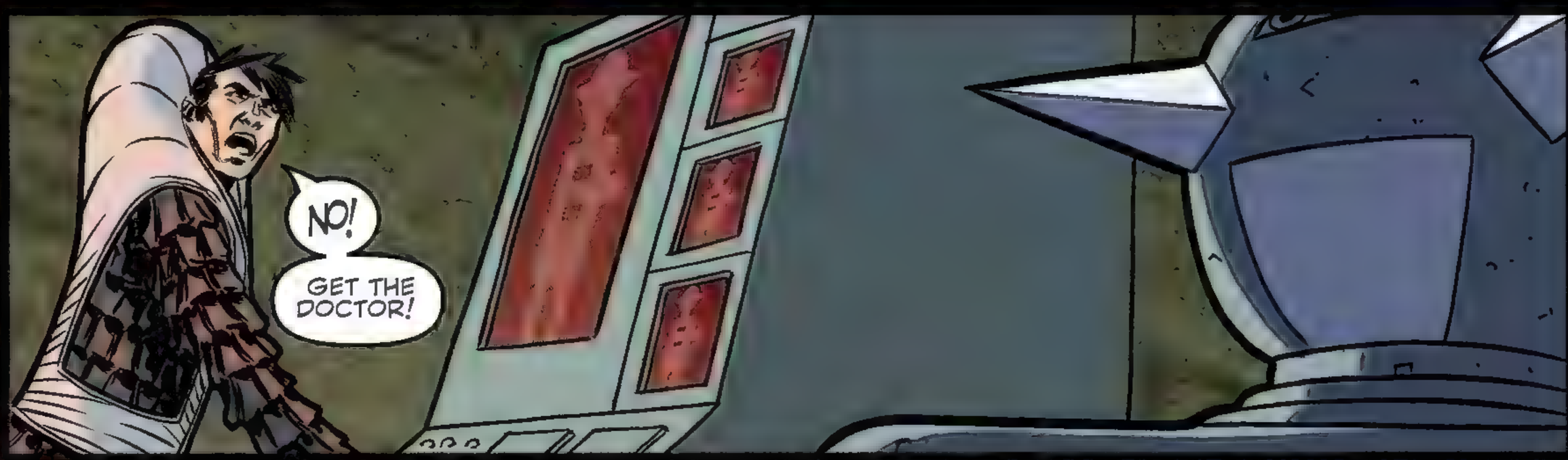
BOOM
BOOM


YOU CALL THAT AIMING? SO MUCH FOR ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE, EH?
WHERE'S THAT FAMOUS COMPUTERIZED ACCURACY?


ZAP
ZAP


BOOM


OH, SUCH A SHAME!
THAT MACHINE SOUNDED PRETTY IMPORTANT!


NO!
GET THE DOCTOR!

PAY ATTENTION NOW. I'VE ALREADY TRACKED DOWN AND DESTROYED YOUR OTHER QUARKS UPSTAIRS. WITHOUT YOUR QUARKS, YOU DOMINATORS ARE REALLY A BUNCH OF PAPER TIGERS.

LOTS OF WORDS, BUT NOT MUCH TO BACK IT UP.

BULLIES, REALLY, AND I DON'T LIKE BULLIES.

GET OFF THIS PLANET, TELL YOUR FRIENDS TO KEEP AWAY, AND DON'T COME BACK.

AND NONE OF THAT 'WE'LL BE BACK' NONSENSE EITHER, OR ELSE THERE'LL BE MORE TROUBLE LIKE THIS FOR ALL OF YOU!

C'MON, FOLKS. EVERYBODY OUT. THAT'S A WRAP.

IT IS REALLY TOO BAD ABOUT THE MOVIE, THOUGH, ISN'T IT?
WHAT, WERE YOU GROWING FOND OF 'A LIFE IN THE CINEMA'?
HUSH, YOU!

ADAM!
WHO?

KRKKKL
NNGH!
AAAAH!

I'M NOT TAKING ANY MORE CHANCES WITH YOU, DOCTOR.
YOU KNOW TOO MUCH NOW THE SECOND I APPEAR IN YOUR TIMEFRAME.

MARTHA...

SMASH

I REMEMBER EVERYTHING.
SARAH JANE, ROSE— ALL OF THEM— STOLEN AWAY.

OH, THIS IS BAD.
THIS IS VERY, VERY BAD. MY OWN TIMELINE ATTACKED AT MULTIPLE POINTS, SIMULTANEOUSLY?
THE RESULTS COULD BE CATASTROPHIC.
IT'S TIME I GOT AHEAD OF THIS. IT'S THE ONLY WAY.

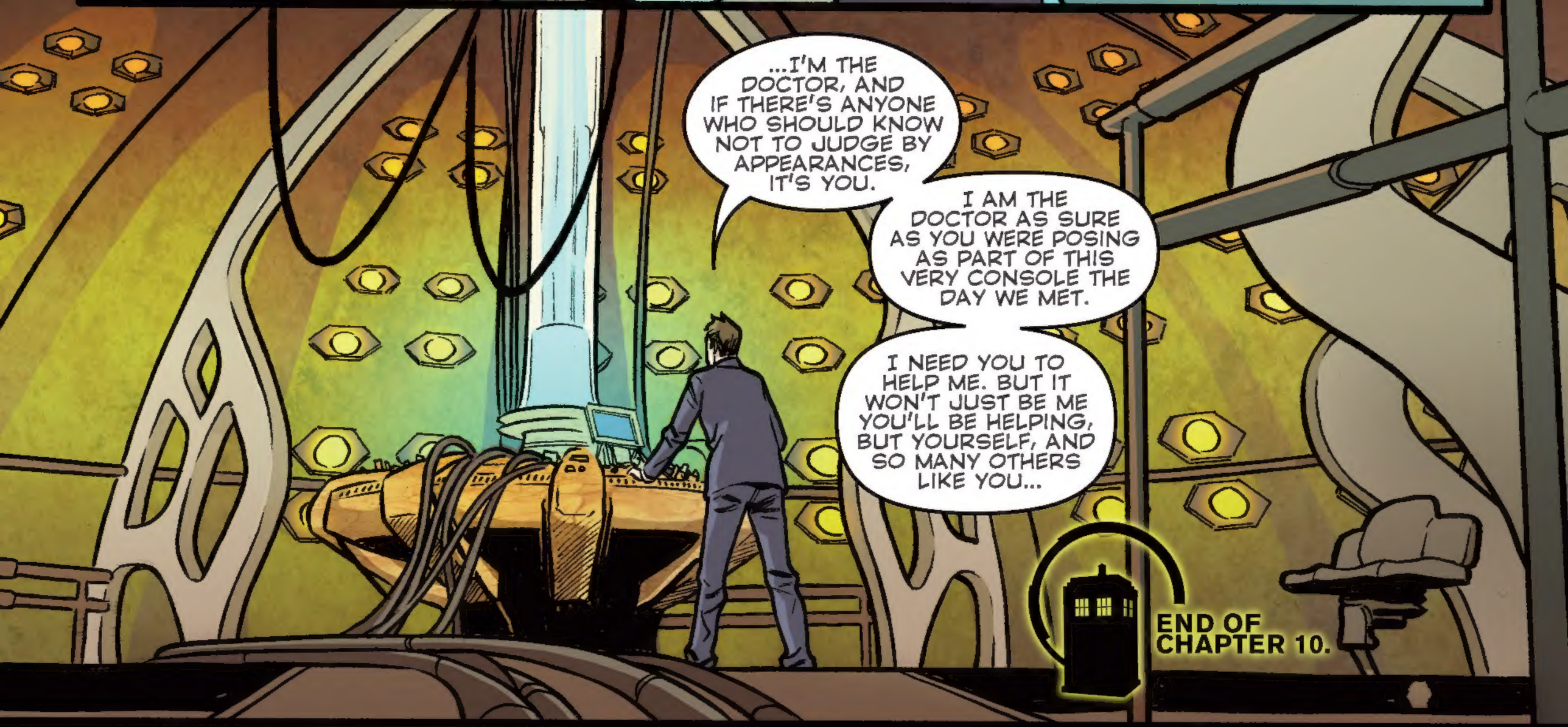
AND I KNOW JUST WHO CAN HELP...

THERE'S THE VIRGO SUPERCLUSTER, AND SO 75 DEGREES ON THE VERTICAL AXIS SHOULD GET ME TO...

...THE GREAT CHRONAL RIFT OF XANDARAGORUS MINOR! BRILLIANT!

LOATHE AS I AM TO CROSS INTO MY OWN PAST, I'M RUNNING OUT OF OPTIONS...
COORDINATES ENTERED, AND CHRONAL ENERGY TAPPED. BEGIN RECORDING.

FROBISHER! LISTEN UP, BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.
YOU MAY THINK YOU DON'T KNOW ME, BUT YOU DO...


...I'M THE DOCTOR, AND IF THERE'S ANYONE WHO SHOULD KNOW NOT TO JUDGE BY APPEARANCES, IT'S YOU.
I AM THE DOCTOR AS SURE AS YOU WERE POSING AS PART OF THIS VERY CONSOLE THE DAY WE MET.
I NEED YOU TO HELP ME. BUT IT WON'T JUST BE ME YOU'LL BE HELPING, BUT YOURSELF, AND SO MANY OTHERS LIKE YOU...
END OF CHAPTER 10.

REFLECTIONS OF TIME

Wherein prominent Whovians past and present muse upon the Doctor's history in comic form.

In the late '90s and early '00s, *Doctor Who Magazine* was the go-to place for *Doctor Who* comics, a place where the long-term fan could read continuing stories of Paul McGann's Eighth Doctor, who—like Colin Baker's Sixth Doctor—gained new life (and fans) in the comic strips and audio adventures. But then everything changed when Russell T Davies and the BBC brought the show back. It was under the scrutinizing eye of BBC again, and suddenly, things were that little bit more complicated.

The *DWM* strips were now Rose-and-Doctor-centric, nine pages every month. The future looked good for the reader, until Christopher Eccleston suddenly quit the role. Whether he'd always intended to do one season, whether he decided he wasn't happy with the role, it didn't matter. A new Doctor was coming to play, and his name was Tennant.

I had the dubious honour of writing one of the Tenth Doctor's first comic-strip adventures. I wasn't the first choice for editor Clayton Hickman; in fact, I believe that my phone call was simply 'right place, right time' more than 'right person'. Following on from both John Tomlinson & Nick Abadzis and Gareth Roberts, we had to create stories for the Tenth Doctor that character-wise revolved around the last 20 minutes of 'The Christmas Invasion', as that was all we'd seen of Tennant's portrayal. Because of this, some of the early stories have massive variances in character, but they still keep to the basic tenet of a solid *Who* story.

At this point, something new happened. American comic publishers took note of *Doctor Who,* and they liked what they saw. This wasn't the first time the Doctor had been in U.S. comics—Marvel reprinted *DWM* stories in the '80s and even had him drop off the mercenary Death's Head at the Baxter Building in one issue, but they were short-lived.

In 2006, IDW Publishing pitched for and received the rights to not only reprint the *DWM* stories, but to create new, ongoing storylines. With Script Editor Gary Russell writing the first arc entitled 'Agent Provocateur', they timed it perfectly, moving the Tenth Doctor and Martha into comics at a time when young American fans were discovering the TV show for the first time.

Suddenly there were new options for the comic reader. No longer was *DWM* the only shop in town. But there was a problem—because of Panini's deal with the BBC, the IDW comics couldn't be sold in the U.K. The British fans could only purchase the books through 'grey channel' comic stores, online with Amazon, or through Comixology's digital platform. And they did, in droves. My first book, 'The Forgotten', is still a solid seller, five years on.

With two solid miniseries, a handful of one-shots from A–list creators and a successful ongoing series weaving an intricate story arc, IDW were on a Tenth Doctor roll.

Little did they know that waiting in the wings was an even bigger phenomenon named Smith...

—Tony Lee, writer at large